

A P O E M

UPON

His Majesty's Happy Return

FROM

I R E L A N D.

Welcome Victorious Prince, once more
 From Conquer'd *Ireland*, to the British Shoar.
 How soon has thy Illustrious Name
 Eclips'd the vaunting *Cæsar's* Fame?
 For thou art only He
 That went, and view'd, and overcame.
 Fresh Laurels here attend
 The Nations Sov'raign, and the Nation's Friend,
 Rewafted once again,
 Endanger'd *England* from her fears to free.
 The wary *Schembergh* fought by Rule and Art;
 And cautiously spun out the time;
 But when Heroick *WILLIAM* came to act his Part,
 Success seem'd only lodg'd in Him;
 And all Pretence of Right,
 From the belov'd of Heav'n took speedy flight.
 One would have thought,
 That *Richard* would have *Henry* fought:
 He that so oft had given out
 What he would do in person, more than *Cæsar* stout.
 But his amazing Guilt
 Before decided, did the Issue dread;
 And to preserve Anointed Head,
 In Consternation from the Danger fled.
 Danger, That Princely *WILLIAM* seem'd to Court;
 And She by chance approach'd;
 But having once in View
 Th'undaunted Awe that sat upon his Brow,
 Danger it self with-drew, and only touch'd
 The Daring Venturer, Heav'n's kind pow'r to show.
 Then say no more,
 That Fortune rules the World, or that Her Pow'r
 To Royal Thrones extends:
 She has no share
 In the Success of doubtful War;
 Nor is it on Her frowns
 That the Repose of Rule depends.
 Long, though her Champions in her weak Defence,
 'Gainst Heav'n have brandish'd Human Eloquence;
 They need not Imp their *Icarus* wings
 From soaring Flight to fall
 Upon the Rocks of Learned Ignorance.
 Trace but Heav'n's Conduct, they shall find,
 It was not Chance,
 Or any Change that Fortune sends,
 That hasten'd *James's* sudden fall,
 Or Potent *WILLIAM* did advance,
 To Sovereign State, and Dignity of Kings.
 Let 'em to fresh Remembrance call,
 How oft with Shields of Angels covered o'er,
 In dismal Fight he stood
 'Midst Peals of Thunder, and in show'rs of Blood.

How but of late
 The hasty Bullets lost their Sulphur'd Heat,
 And tamely tumbld at his Horses Feet.
 How disappointed Treachery combin'd
 By Pious Plots, and Holy Undermines
 Of those that take, ne'er swallow Oaths,
 To ruin all his Great Designs,
 And blast the Labours of his pondering Mind:
 But disappointed still, to show
 They moyle in vain, that muse his Overthrow.
 Hard Case howe'er, to be betray'd at home
 By the black Tools of *FRANCE* and *ROME*,
 While he was forc'd abroad, the Stygian Boggs to cleanse,
 And free the Passage to assist his Friends:
 As if 'twere still the noblest *Hero's* Fate,
 That they must visit Hell
 Before they can be Great.

All these Reflections might convince
 Th' unthinking *Jacobites* unruly Sense,
 That still the great unfinish'd Work goes on;
 Not to Perfection to be brought,
 But by the Princely *WILLIAM's* Hand alone,
 Th' Imperial Eagle his long wisht for Leisure waits,
 And all the late afflicted States,
 And wronged Princes send to him for Aid,
 To wreck their just Revenge
 On him that on their fair Dominions prey'd.
 All this the Gallick *Diomed*
 That has so long his Horses fed
 With Human Blood, and Orphans Bread,
 With Terror does behold,
 And throws about his ill-got Gold
 To tempt unwary Fools.
 Affrighted *Lewis* dreads the Storm
 To see the Mettl'd English Arm,
 And maugre all his feigned Ironies,
 Quits distant Conquests and unites his Force.
 Thus the Alarum'd Blood doth change it's Course,
 And to the Heart, when once distemper'd, flies.
 And now, what can we less portend
 But that those Lawrels, fresh and green,
 Planted by our victorious Monarchs Hand,
 In his Auspicious Reign will grow
 To Cedar Heighth, and bear
 New Trophies every Year?
 His Lawrels are not common; yet if such
 Scorn the Celestial Thunders touch,
 When prepared for his Brow;
 We must not then allow,
 That *France's* Thunder more than Heav'n's can do.
 May then each Year of his long Reign,
 Still be Crown'd,
 With Successes far and near;
 And every day be still renown'd
 With some splendid Act of Glory,
 To enlarge our Monarchs Story;
 For Years, the chiefest in Renown,
 Live by the Princes Fame, and not their own.

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